

Legacy 1

Tess Hurson-Maginess¹ 

Published online: 3 December 2016

© The Author(s) 2016. This article is published with open access at Springerlink.com

So now I have
a roomy lilac cardigan
But not the missing twin
Which had made the set
I chivvied her to wear,
And she saw for a moment
Her own hieratic dark grey eyes
Set off to just perfection
by that soft mauve wool.

And a stylish duckegg plate I brought
From one of my adventures—
Free and full of guff and gravitas
And mortgaged to the hilt
Of her gritted, contending heart—
The plate for hanging up
She trussed with a ragged strip
Of worn out sheet before consignment
To a drawer bottomed with curtain hooks,
medals, florins, a calendar page
In a cursive, rushing hand, noting the birthdates
Breed and sex of four dropped calves,
safety pins, curlers, large glass spectacles.

And a pretty little wicker chair
She bought in a fit of good taste
I had damn all to do with.
A thing I did not shape or predicate,

✉ Tess Hurson-Maginess
t.maginess@qub.ac.uk

¹ School of Education, Queen's University, Belfast, UK

In all our battles, no more than she.
Warriors she called us towards the end,
Tightening us to occasionally cherish
Some lonely impulse of delight
Among the triumphery of love.

30, 31 April 2010

Open Access This article is distributed under the terms of the Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International License (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>), which permits unrestricted use, distribution, and reproduction in any medium, provided you give appropriate credit to the original author(s) and the source, provide a link to the Creative Commons license, and indicate if changes were made.